No, yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelues,
Into the good thoughts of the would againe:
Reuenge the ieering and diſdaind contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.

Wor. Peace cooſin, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a ſecret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing diſcontents
Ile read you matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous ſpirit,
As to o'rewalke a Current roring lowd,
On the vnſtedfaſt footing of a ſpeare.

Hot. If he fall in, good-night, or ſinke or ſwim,
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the Weſt,
So honor croſſe it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: O the bloud more ſtirs
To rouſe a Lyon, than to ſtart a Hare.

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.
By heauen me thinks it were an eaſie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without corriuall all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowſhip.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures heere,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend,
Good cooſin giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy,

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble Scots that are your priſoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all;
By God he ſhall not haue a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would ſaue his ſoule, he ſhall not.

Ile